

"Let us lift up our heart with our hands unto God in the heavens."—Lamentations, III:41.

Text suggested by Joseph Dawson, pastor of McKendree M. E. Church.

Secretary Mellon Shows the Way to Economy

ANDREW W. MELLON, Secretary of the Treasury, conducts the biggest financial enterprise in the world, the joint venture of the people of the United States in self-government.

In his annual report to the people, just published, he gives an accounting. It is a record of solid achievement, attained under the most trying conditions. He has stopped the riot of governmental expenditure, reduced the Federal budget and set a shining example of "return to normalcy" for every public body and private corporation to emulate.

Under pressure by the President and Mr. Mellon, Federal departments were forced to cut expenses 600 million dollars under their estimates for 1922, so that the year showed a reduction of 1,700 million below 1921. In 1922 we paid off ONE BILLION dollars of our national debt, in which process we were aided by payments of 100 million by Great Britain in partial settlement of her debt of more than four billion dollars to us. Our huge short-term floating debt, arising out of war expenditures, is being refunded into a manageable form.

The Secretary of the Treasury points out two necessary reforms which should find expression in law.

First, the surtaxes are too high on large incomes. These surtaxes amount to 50 per cent, which, added to the normal tax of 8 per cent, puts a tax burden of 58 per cent upon large incomes, and to this Federal tax must be added the State income tax.

It has proved impossible to collect any such proportion of large incomes. Great estates invest their capital in tax-exempt securities issued by States and municipalities and Farm Loan banks. Incomes on such securities cannot by law be touched by Federal revenue officers.

Therefore capital that should be going into industrial development is being invested in public bonds and lavishly expended by public authorities.

To turn this capital back into new productive industries and thus increase employment and stimulate industrial progress, Mr. Mellon recommends that the income surtaxes be reduced from 50 to 25 per cent and that a law be enacted removing the tax-exempt privilege from State and municipal issues.

Reduction of the income surtax will in all likelihood, he says, result not in less but in more revenue to the Government. The incentive to keep money out of productive use will be weakened. That incentive will disappear when the loophole of tax-exempt securities is closed. Money will again flow into industry, where it belongs.

In Mr. Mellon we see one of the best financial brains of the country at work managing the country's finances.

Coming of the Ticker

HOW times change is illustrated strikingly by the stock ticker.

In the middle of the last century stock and bond quotations were kept secret. Only a few persons, insiders, were allowed to know the current prices.

One hundred dollars a day is said to have been paid for the privilege of listening at the keyhole of the board room of the New York Stock Exchange during the time of calls.

Somewhat later the newer, more radical brokers so far forgot the tradition of secrecy, or grew so courageous in the flaunting of it, that they wrote quotations on slates and sent these by trusted messengers to valued customers.

It was not until 1867, when their competition had made itself felt among the inner circle, that the first electrical ticker—a device of Mr. Edison's—was installed in the Stock Exchange.

And today there are over seven thousand of the chattering little ribbon spitters, 64 per cent of them in New York, but the rest scattered generously over the country.

The almighty ticker has been supplemented by leased wires running from Stock Exchange houses in New York to their branches all over the country.

Nowadays quotations are known everywhere within twenty or thirty minutes of the time of quoting.

No Easy Task

WHAT President Harding calls "the supreme folly" of government operation of railroads during the war saved the opponents of Germany from defeat and shortened the war by at least a year.

Developments since private operation was restored have gone far and will go farther to establish that the only way to get from transportation the service the nation needs at rates the traffic will bear is to subordinate completely private interest to public.

How that can be done without the public itself taking full responsibility remains for advocates of private ownership to prove.

We don't envy them the task.

The Sweep of Time

IT IS the latest opinion of science that our sun, merely one of myriads in the heavens, has not cooled five degrees in a thousand million years.

That rids us of the fear of soon freezing to death from causes beyond human control.

In connection with another recent deduction of science, that man in very like his present form has been on the earth at least three hundred thousand years, it also helps to check impatience.

The poor fish has gone only a little way forward in all that time. Only in the past few hundred years has he begun to find things out.

Science, its votaries tell us, is now rushing him quite beyond the capacity of his limited intelligence, especially beyond the power of his rudimentary moral sense to orient itself.

So when we feel moved to fret because of his boneheadedness let's be charitable.

Illusions

ONCE more we are in a cycle of scares; important, if true.

Britain is reported alarmed by rumors that Russia is building a great navy to defend the Black Sea. Considering that Russia within four years has twice been invaded by expeditions which Britain has helped to pilot through the Black Sea, Russia might well be excused if eager for self-defense, though Russia's present capacity to build and effectively operate a great navy is somewhat doubtful.

A Polish general hears that Germany has invented a new poison gas which no mask can foil; he braves threats of death in revealing the dark secret.

Then, of course, there is the belief of grand old Monsieur Clemenceau that the Teutons are getting ready again to seize civilization by the throat.

We have radicalism, the Wall Street specter and the Ku Klux Klan to keep life from stagnating, and when these pall there is always the chance to bell some official with a Congressional investigation.

Next to luxuries, the dearest possessions are illusions.

Stars and Stripes

Experts have found a way by which oysters may be eaten with safety. Probably it is done by tucking a napkin in your collar.

The landlords are doubtless a hard lot, but at that, not many of them keep their tenants in hot water.

Guest in hotel reached for the bed quilt and thought he had found a \$1 bill.

Scientist says there will be 45,000,000 people in New York City 100 years from now. If taxi drivers keep on knocking off pedestrians, the number will be nearer 45,000.

NEGLECTING HER TASK

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WAYSIDE WISDOM

(Copyright, 1922.)

By S. E. Kiser

IF I were king, no matter where,
I think I'd have my crown re-set;
For every jewel fine and rare
A blazing counterfeit I'd get;
The precious stones, in secret, I'd
Exchange for cash, without delay,
And every month I'd put aside
A fair percentage of my pay.

FROM somewhere near my gilded throne
I'd start a tunnel, well concealed,
Its exit, known to me alone,
In some far-off, convenient field.
I'd get myself an iron vest
To wear when I appeared in state,
And some one else would have to test
The food they put upon my plate.

IF I were king I'd send away
My wife and children, one by one,
And meekly every night I'd pray
To live to see the morning sun.
I'd tiptoe through the palace halls,
And keep a gun upon my hip,
And here and there along the walls
Have secret doors through which to slip.

ID never bat around at night
Nor ask my subjects for a raise;
By saving everywhere I might
I'd try to earn a bit of praise.
With royal virtue I would turn
From every showy, foolish thing,
And I'd begin at once to learn
A useful trade, if I were king.

FOND OF FOWL

An American collector has paid \$105,000 for the Rembrandt picture "Old Woman Plucking a Fowl." Wonder how much he'd pay for a good chicken dinner?

CONTINUED BUSINESS ASSURED.

If foreign ships are compelled to quit carrying liquor, the French liners can still get plenty of business. It is becoming easier every year to get divorces in France.

THEY'RE GOING UP!

Recent news from Paris makes it apparent that those who are now considered unfashionable for not yet having scrapped their short skirt, may yet become fashionable by retaining it.

PIONEERS IN WIRE AND WIRELESS

By Edgar Lucien Larkin

Director Mt. Love Observatory
MANY questions relating to wireless transmission of electro-magnetic waves in telegraphy and telephony have been received.

Samuel F. B. Morse in 1842 laid an insulated wire beneath the water between Governor's Island and Castle Garden, and sent electric signals. Then the wire was severed by the anchor of a ship, a fortunate accident, for the idea came to use the water in place of a wire.

He placed wires along both banks of the Susquehanna River. To each end of these wires he fastened copper plates and sunk them in the water.

Signals were sent and at once received in the circuit on the opposite bank. First wireless, Morse reported this result to the Secretary of the Treasury December 23, 1844. This was the act of transmission through matter.

The first transmission through ether is that of William Brees at Newcastle in 1854. He set up parallel wires 1,320 feet apart. Signals were sent from one parallel to the other and were heard in an attached telephone. This is the first ether transmission.

Edison began to startle the world in 1855. A great impetus was given by Hertz in the discovery of waves in 1888. Augusto Righi in Bologna greatly improved the Hertz apparatus.

Marconi began his experiments in 1895. In 1896 he went to England. He tested his methods on land and then across the Bristol Channel. In 1899 wireless was inaugurated between England and France. In December, 1902, he sent the first ether transmitted message from England to America.

Instead of coal. When fire turns sour on furnace's stomach, you must feed it pills instead of lumps.

EGG, chestnut and stove ammunition are plastered with luxury tax. Folks will be limited to substitute furnace food and stove huggers will get warm again when Spring comes round with its new hopes and fears.

USUAL Summer strike of coal farmers resulted in bituminous famine. Man who tells anthracite diggers to go on strike in July should be put on probation by Juvenile Court.

FROZEN pump is no May-pole. Unless Pennsylvania miners dig some new tunnels on their coal links, we'll have to burn our homes to heat them.

Ye TOWNE GOSSIP

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By K. C. B.

IT'S SNOWING a little.
OUTSIDE MY window.
JUST AIMLESS flakes.
THAT MAKE no mark.
ON THE street below.
AND THE day is dark.
AND THE lights are on.
IN MY hotel room.
AND I'M alone.
AND I just sit here.
AND THINK and think.
IN FUTILE search.
FOR A simple thought.
THAT I may take.
AND THEN stretch out.
AND SAY my thanks.
AND GO away.
TILL TO-MORROW comes.
AND SO I turn.
TO THE street again.
AND THE scattering flakes.
GO IDLY by.
AND IT still is dark.
AND MY mind goes out.
TO ANOTHER place.
A DISTANT place.
FOUR DAYS away.

ON A speeding train.
AND THE sun shines there.
AND IT is warm.
AND THE grass is green.
AND THERE are trees.
AND ROLLING hills.
AND PEACEFUL-NESS.
THAT COMES to those.
IN ETERNAL sleep.
IT'S A spirit land.
AND SOMEWHERE there.
A SPIRIT awaits.
FOR ME to come.
AND SO I'll go.
AND THEN.
AT CHRISTMAS time.
AS I have done.
FOR ALL the years.
IT SEEMS to me.
MY MEMORY serves.
I'LL SIT with her.
ON CHRISTMAS Day.
AND I'll be glad.
THAT SOME day.
WHEN MY eyes shall close.
IN LASTING sleep.
I'LL SLEEP out there.
WHERE SHE now sleeps.
AT FOREST lawn.
I THANK you.

THE SPECTATOR

The Hardest Workers

THE hardest workers in the world are not the slaves. That is, not the bond slaves, nor the wage slaves, nor the slaves of capital. The hardest workers are, however, the slaves, the slaves of genius.

"In the history of all the arts and sciences," says Samuel Untermyer, "the most patient and untiring workers in the world have been the inspired poets, painters, sculptors, singers, musicians, actors and writers, most of whom have persevered for the better part of their lives under endless suffering and discouragement. Some of them have been so fortunate as to secure recognition while they yet lived, but to most of them the rewards have come only after death. But they did not falter."

THERE are two luminous points that shine out of this statement. They may be called platitudes, but they are vital and worth thinking about just the same. One is that genius, as Carlyle said, is mainly a capacity for hard work.

And the other is that, the hardest work is done by the people who like their work, and not by those who hate it. There have been all sorts of devices proposed for speeding up efficiency, for making people work more faithfully and enthusiastically. We have tried punishment and penalties for idlers and rewards for intense application.

WE have preached to workers and tempted workers with profits and threatened them with losses, and so on.

But we have not paid enough attention to the one thing that makes the worker work. And that one thing is to make him like his work.

There are two kinds of work produced in the world—the good kind and the bad kind. The good kind is done by those who love their work, and the bad by those who do not love it.

Further than that, work that we hate is properly called "labor." Work that we love is craftsmanship.

By far the most important and needed thing in the whole realm of industry is to find for human beings the work that they love.

And this is not unreasonable. Everybody loves to work. That is, there is some sort of work that each man loves. The greatest joy of the human being consists in the forthputting of his faculties.

A man is a bundle of powers, a nucleus of forces, and the thing called happiness is best assured in the exercise of those powers.

WE cannot make workers contented by so-called welfare work. That is, by giving them flower gardens to walk in and piano music to listen to, and feasting and dancing after they have finished their disagreeable task.

The only practical way out is to make the task agreeable. Then they can take their amusements afterward as they see fit. It will not make much difference what they play at.

A Movie Thriller

By Dr. Charles Fleischer

IF you are one of the rare persons not won over to motion pictures and their individual and social function, you may not care to read this article.

You are likely, nevertheless, to be a lover of human beings and to be correspondingly interested in whatever benefits your humblest fellows.

Read this story, then, of the healing, helpful, stimulating influence of a motion picture—any old movie.

THE physician who visits the Passaic, N. J., almshouse, recently tried an experiment. He noted the thirty odd and old inmates were losing appetite, mental interest and vitality. He decided to give them a stimulant.

Nothing illegal, of course. On a certain night in November a motion picture sheet was rigged up in the almshouse and the old folks were treated to a movie thriller.

A number of them had never before seen a motion picture. They were intensely excited. They laughed, cried, cheered, applauded.

After the "performance" they crowded forward to finger the silver screen from which the phantom figures had vanished. They marveled, could not believe what they had seen.

They were so excited and thrilled, it was hard to get them to bed.

TWELVE days later. The visiting physician dropped in again at the almshouse. He noted a remarkable change. The inmates were eating normally, had gained weight, regained their interest in life, were looking up and not down, forward and not backward.

The physician states that the film was almost revolutionary in its reaction.

Somewhat of the spirit of youth seems to have seized the old folks. Their eyes gleam, they actually walk straighter and faster.

They even talk more. Which may not seem so wishful a consummation until you sympathetically consider that these people tend to drop into sullen, sullen silence.

Those for whom this was a "first night" with the movies appear to have been particularly benefited by the experience, the mental excitement having actually stimulated their blood circulation.

Of course, this is no free ad for a particular movie, nor even merely a boost for motion pictures in general. Rather it is offered as an interesting illustration of our rediscovery of the mutual influence of physical and psychical states.

The eye being the quickest, most sensitive, most serviceable means of reaching the brain, these aged inmates promptly responded to the pictures shown.

Their minds seized, their bodies were helped. Their bodies improved, their spirits were stimulated.

IT reminds one of the healthful ideal expressed by Browning in Rabbi Ben Ezra. "Nor soul helps flesh more now than flesh helps soul."

Also it suggests the desirability of giving yourself all the new experiences you can get, to the end of keeping and making yourself increasingly "alive."

That is to say, if you want to defy age. Even if your muscles stiffen and your arteries grow hard, you can keep your mind alert, your spirit responsive and tender.

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Epigrams

By B. C. Forbes

IT may be all right to be content with what you have; never with what you are.

The best way out of a difficulty is through it.

Poverty is the best foundation on which to build a career.

In the end the things that count are the things you can't count.

Don't simply see how you can "put in the day;" see how much you can put into the day.

No man is really big who has a small heart.

He who has good health, good humor, and no debts is not poor.

A shady business never yields a sunny life.

The place for the "knocker" is outside the door.

The young man who aspires to do things must early learn to do without things.

It's better to be in love with your work than in love with yourself.

Nice Weather Indoors—By "Bugs" Baer

FUEL ADMINISTRATION is fueling around again. Domesticated coal is getting so shy and timid that you will have to visit your neighbors to get warm and insulated.

IF those foolish administrators voyage out their frigid intentions of putting your furnace on hunger strike this Winter, it means that end of world is right in your kitchen.

SCIENTISTS have crocheted their affidavit that hemispheres will be frozen sweets in twenty million years. But being very impatient folks, we can't wait that long for dessert.

WE used to give orders for coal. But big fuel executives give us orders

instead of coal. When fire turns sour on furnace's stomach, you must feed it pills instead of lumps.

EGG, chestnut and stove ammunition are plastered with luxury tax. Folks will be limited to substitute furnace food and stove huggers will get warm again when Spring comes round with its new hopes and fears.

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TROUBLE is that only independence day of year happens in July, when it's warm. You don't feel so free and equal when your teeth are chattering in syncope melody with zero. Families are limited to two tons of coal berries per month. Coalless Monday starts weak and finishes it.

LUMPS of coal will be dedicated like L cornerstones. Governors will make speeches, Presidents will reinforce them and guests of honor will deny it.

THERE will be no mere shoveling of coal. It will be handled with medicine spoons and taken by prescription only. If you have lump of coal left, give it to your hen to hatch.